

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE

AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.

VOL. 3.

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

ROGER MC ROY.

"The world is a vast mart for man to buy and sell in," said Roger Mc Roy, when he sat out in business; and he shaped his character with a reference solely to his view of life. He was honest, because he found it of incalculable advantage to him in the way of trade, to secure the countenance of the solid part of the community. He was very punctual in his dealings, because it gave him customers and confidence. He was pleasant and amiable in all his intercourse with society, for by this means he obtained friends, and became popular—and he was industrious for this filled his leather purse with dollars, and plastered over the occasional aberrations in conduct which a man of his principles occasionally suffers.

Roger soon therefore stood forth, a wonderful example of the fair structure that may be built upon a purely selfish foundation.—And he became proud and void of the estimation in which he was held, while he still laboured to garnish over his system of morals, by a thousand little acts, which to a superficial observer, seemed to spring from disinterested motives, from pure and innate benevolence. His acts of charity were occasionally blazoned abroad, and indeed he was not backward in blowing his own trumpet on well selected occasions. But people who only looked to the exterior, and very few are able to look much deeper, set him down as a remarkably clever, good sort of a man—and so he was as far as his general intercourse with others was concerned. He was just as good as policy required him to be.

Old Meadows, who lived on the farm hard by Mr. Mc Roy's, and who had been a close observer of men for three years at least, used indeed sometimes to whisper that Roger's honesty was only skin deep—that the whole fabric rested on sand. But this never led to any misgivings. Men seldom look to motives, seldom remember that a bad man may be a moralist, that a good man must be—that utterly different characters may present much the same exteriors—that cunning policy and genuine goodness often prompt to the same general habits—the one constrained and the other natural—or they would see clearly why it is that some characters wear to the very end so much better than others.

However, he went on very prosperously, he had a large mercantile establishment and an extensive custom. His fame for honesty, punctuality and uprightness, spread beyond the precincts of his own neighbourhood, and he had the strongest credit of any trader in these parts. While he adhered simply to his great business maxim of 'buying cheap and selling dear,' his income indeed was not so large as his desires. Honest industry is an up-hill road to fortune, though a very safe and direct one—and now that he had established a fair fame, he naturally began to look round to find, if possible, an easier way of making money.

A man in Roger's situation meets temptation at every step—and the guards of sterling principle are necessary to prevent such an one from falling into error—from practising underhand, concealed acts of positive dishonesty. As he deemed it no longer necessary to the preservation of a character already established, to be nicely punctilious, he rested his system of dealing on a broader basis—strict conformity to the laws of the land—and deemed it no longer wrong to shelter himself behind a legal defence from any draw upon his purse that afforded him such a shelter. He gathered money. He became a kind of general banker to the neighbourhood. He loaned and speculated in securities, and became rich.

At last he began to think of closing his business—he was getting old and needed repose. He had an only son—and he reasoned with himself, "I have a clear legal right to transfer my monied estate to whom I please—I will give it to him, and the rest of my property may be fairly distributed among my creditors." He put the plan in operation—his bonds and obligations were renewed in his son's name, and some years after he made an assignment of the balance of his property—the whole transaction was

ingeniously covered—he had done an extensive business—had been a very honest man in the face of day—and his creditors took what they could get, and made no complaints. Every body, they generously and truly said, were liable to misfortunes.

I asked old Meadows, one day just after I heard of Mc Roy's failure, how much he had lost by his honest neighbour. Nothing at all, replied he, I have an old saw in my memory.—Always deal with these honest men as though they were rogues—and it has done me a good turn many a time.

Roger's evil genius, however, who had lulled his conscience at first by preaching the vast merit of morality—and at a later day advised him that the only needful honesty is that which complies with the letter of the statutes, finally played him a worse trick than he played his creditors; for his son became dissipated and turned him out to beg, while he scattered his large fortune to the winds—and finally died leaving his father a living monument of the truth of the maxim, that true, genuine heart "honesty is the best policy."

FINNEY AND CO.

We have had occasion several times to mention this extraordinary fanatic, and to notice some of his madness in religious concerns. The following narrative of facts, from the NEW-YORK ENQUIRER, and the remarks of the Editor, M. M. NOAH, Esq. will, we think, tend to satisfy all our readers that he is as destitute of evangelical meekness and charity, as he is of the graces of modesty and civility, in the social circle. It will exhibit with equal clearness, his irreverence for the character of God and religion, as well as the abominable pride and presumption of this graceless revival maker and his unprincipled associate.

If such men are the ministers of God common sense can easily decide that his cause will receive no confidence from those who are blessed with the exercise of their reason. But it is a lamentable fact, that the instruments which are employed by those whose aim is to produce a fermentation in the public mind, and introduce what is called a revival, are generally of the class who discard reason, and employ all the impertinence and extravagant language which a heated and bewildered imagination can suggest. The time, however, appears to be fast approaching, when such disgraceful and wicked conduct will receive the punishment of merited contempt, and the movers

and abettors of such insults to reason and revelation will be held in just abhorrence; and their names consigned to that infamy which their conduct so richly deserves.—*Ed.*

Religious dissensions.—A pamphlet has recently been published in Troy, respecting certain unseemly disputes, which have occurred amongst the members of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. It professes to be the joint production of some of the members and congregation of that Church; and it presents a lamentable picture of the wretched consequences of fanaticism and bigotry when they combine with indiscretion and ignorance amongst the people. Two Reverend individuals are, therein, charged with having produced all the evils complained of; but whatsoever their conduct may have been, much of the blame must belong to the congregation itself.—The disclosures made in the pamphlet are truly afflicting, as well as disgraceful. One passage we shall, without any scruple, extract. It is a conversation which occurred between the two clergymen and two respectable ladies, Mrs. Mosier and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Weatherby, at the house of the former.

“Mr. Beman, [to Mrs. Mosier.] Were you ever under conviction?”

Mrs. Mosier. I cannot say whether I have been or not. My mind has been deeply impressed with the importance of religion at different times.

Mr. B. What is the state of your mind now?

Mrs. M. It is not as much impressed as it has been heretofore.

Mr. B. Men wear off their convictions by running into dissipation and frequenting tippling houses, and women wear off theirs by going into gay company.

Mrs. M. I was never fond of gay company; I am of a domestic turn.

Mr. B. You are worse than other women; for you can stay at home and wear off your convictions.

Mr. Finney. Do you love God?

Mrs. M. I think I do.

Mr. F. [shaking his fist in her face.] You lie! What reason have you to think you love God?

Mrs. M. When I look upon the works of creation, I feel to praise and adore Him.

Mr. F. You ought to go to hell, and you must repent.

Mrs. M. I cannot.

Mr. F. [again putting his fist in her face.] You lie!

Mrs. M. How can I get the new birth unless God gives it me?

Mr. F. You ought to be damned.

Mrs. Weatherby. Mr. Finney, you have told Mrs. Mosier that she could regenerate herself, and give herself the new birth; now if you will inform her, it will edify me.

Mr. F. Are you a christian, and ask such a question?

Mrs. W. I trust I am, and would like to have it answered.

Mr. F. How can you love your husband?

Mrs. W. Love is a passion I have never heard described.

Mr. Beman. Mrs. Weatherby, you have said you were a christian, and dare you ask two of God's ministers such a question?

Mrs. W. Yes, I dare ask it, and have asked it once before, and it appears that it cannot be answered.

Here the interesting spectacle closed.”

But it appears that Mrs. W's husband, who is master of one of the North River vessels, and a very peaceable man, could not tamely endure this ungentlemanly and unchristian, if not outrageous conduct, to his wife and sister. Accordingly, he resolved to remonstrate with Mr. Beman; and as the latter was passing one day, invited him into his house, when the following scene ensued:

“Mr. B. I suppose you want to talk on religion, for I talk of nothing else.

Mr. W. Not on that in particular. I want to talk with you concerning the conversation you had with my wife and sister at Mrs. Mosier's.

Mr. B. [clenching his fist, and shaking it within a few inches of Mr. W's face.] Capt. Weatherby, you will go to hell. [This was repeated several times.]

Mr. W. Mr. Beman, you must not say that again, for I cannot bear it.

M. B. [in a louder tone of voice.] You will go to Hell!”

Here the son of Neptune losing all patience, flooded the “messenger of” bad “tidings;” but with peculiar obstinacy, he still repeated his favourite denunciation, “you are going to hell!” several times.—The Captain after a while allowed him to get up, when he again repeated the same language, “you will go to hell.” After being flooded again, and despatching the tar to hell sundry times more, the pertinacious parson was finally released at the intercession of Mrs. Weatherby, who came into the room during the engagement.

If the above pamphlet be true, the dignity of the pulpit, the kind care of a pastor for his flock, and the affection of a christian for his brethren were never more completely lost sight of, than by these reverend persons. One of them called a lady, a respectable member of his church, an “old devil,” and another, of an irreproachable character, an “old hypocrite.” He said, in a public discourse, that, “the members of his church were going post haste to hell;” and in another, that they were “piling up their prayers, and climbing up to heaven upon them; but they will all plunge into hell together.”—“And in addressing sinners generally, he said, ‘if you dare do it, you would club God Almighty out of Troy.’” What shocking irreverence! But the following

language of Finney caps the climax of pulpit madness and blasphemy—“Why, sinners, I tell you, if you could climb to heaven, you would hurl God from his throne; yes, hurl God from his throne: O yes, if you could get there, you would cut God's throat! yes, you would cut God's throat!”

WHITEFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.

Perhaps the greatest proof of the persuasive powers of the celebrated Whitefield's eloquence, was evinced when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give; it was for the orphan house at Savannah. “I did not,” says the American philosopher, “disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen; and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.” At this sermon, continues Franklin, “there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour, who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, at any other time, friend Hopkinton, I would lend to thee freely, but not now; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.

Southey's Life of Wesley.

THE WIDOW.

I perceived her as she slowly turned the corner of the street to stop and wipe away the tears that were fast coursing each other down her feeble cheeks, and my heart took an interest in her affliction, though I knew not the cause. I followed her, unnoticed, to her humble habitation. I saw her enter, and heard her bestow a benediction on three shivering infants who hailed her return with clamorous joy. She divided among them

the scanty portion of food which her day's labor had been able to procure, and I saw her turn away and weep in silence that it was so little. I resolved to enquire her history, for she appeared, like one who had seen better days. She had entered life with fair prospects, had married early, and lost a husband whom she tenderly loved, he had been unfortunate in his business, and at his death was unable to leave her an adequate support for herself and three children; misfortune had continued to pursue her.—She had talents, but ill health and poverty prevented her exercising them, she had industry, but could find little to employ it.—She called at the houses of the rich, but they "could not afford to employ her;" she was too delicate for hard labor, and her feelings were too refined to allow of her being importunate—she bore her sorrows, her privations, her hardships, and the mortifications attendant on a condition like hers, in silence. The friends of her prosperity had forgotten her in her misfortune. She had nothing to attach her to life, except these desolate infants—for their sake she tried to support her miseries and to struggle on yet a little longer. The thoughts of leaving them exposed to a world which she had found so pitiless, sometimes shook her fortitude; her religion would then come to her aid, and she remembered that they had a Father in Heaven, and she knew that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This was the account I had of her; it is unnecessary to add that I was deeply interested. It is no tale of fiction.—There are thousands such in this land of liberty, peace and plenty. In this refined and enlightened age, talents are neglected, industry too frequently discouraged, virtue unnoticed, and pride and riches alone triumph. I have often reflected on the happiness it would have afforded me, if Heaven had blest me with the means to seek out neglected merit, to encourage virtuous industry, to show my respect to talents, though obscured by poverty, and to speak consolation to the delicate and sensitive heart when labouring under wrongs, which patient merit of the unworthy takes. It galls me to think that vulgar importunity, and unblushing effrontery too often obtained that notice and support which modest merit sighs for in silence and in vain.

HARRIET.

Amer. Traveller.

True Happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, **False Happiness**

loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—*Spectator.*

THE UNBELIEVERS' CREED, selected from their Works. I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God and God is matter, and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not; I believe also that the world was not made; but that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last forever, world without end; I believe that a man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul; I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural; I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first Philosophy; I believe in the first Evangelists; I believe in Chubb—Tindal—Voltaire, &c. &c. I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul; I believe not revelation.

Nat Journal.

With pleasure we publish the following anecdote.—While preparations were making a few days since at one of our public houses for the disposal of a piece of property under the hammer for the payment of a small tax, a stranger stepped out of the stage which drove up at that instant, and hearing the tale of woe as told by the wife of the delinquent, (who through his intemperate habits has long since ceased to provide for his family,) whispered in the ear of the officer and on learning the relation of the poor woman to be true, generously slipped the amount of the tax into the officer's hands, with a direct refusal to give his name.—Such acts of benevolence need no comment; they carry their reward with them. The gratitude of the poor woman was expressed in a flood of tears after the departure of the generous stranger.—*Westfield, Mass. paper.*

"Omnia rident."—*Creation Smiles.*

Amidst the general delight of nature at this season, man can scarcely remain an indifferent spectator. Nature in all her changes is pleasing. Doubly enchanting is Spring from the solitary season that precedes. Beneath the rugged reign of Winter the very mind of man is chilled into apathy. As the embattled clouds of the stormy season retire, the balmy zephyr succeeds, and we are compelled to share in the general joy. Every sense rejoices in the scenes that are spread before us.

Flush in the footsteps of Spring rise herbage and blossoms. She scatters from her pictured urn a thousand delicate hues.—Nature seems to exult in her renovated

ted beauty. The eye now looks with pleasure on the willow, as it dips its flexile branches in the stream, with awe on the oak, rising in majesty, then calmly reposes on the distant hills, waving with verdure, sparkling with rosy light.

As she passes, her breath leaves behind her the fragrance of a thousand flowers.—She scatters perfumes from her musky wings, and every particle of air seems laden with incense. "The raised ear, intensely listening," drinks the melody of nature, and the soul seems wrapt away in the delights of the scenery around us. Beneath her influence all angry feelings are awed into tenderness—all that is low in man, is exalted—all that is harsh, is soothed into quiet, and made to join in the general harmony. In the scenery of spring we find all that can charm the senses, all that can wed the soul to beauty and the whole spirit of man is bathed in loveliness.

CYNTHIA.

Lexington, May, 1827.

Yeoman's Gazette.

FROM THE EVANGELICAL REPOSITORY.

Mr. Editor, if you think proper, you are at liberty to publish the following anecdote:—

During a recent revival, in a city, not one hundred miles from Troy, a physician, whose cranium is filled so completely with superstitious fanaticism as to have but little space for medical knowledge, was called to visit a lady, laboring under disease, attended with excruciating pain. The gentleman of the faculty having arrived, the following dialogue took place—

Doctor. (Striding the room with a great degree of self-complacency, now and then casting his eye towards the patient;) Are you a professor, madam?

Patient. I profess to be a sinner.

D. What, a sinner, and just going to die, too!!

P. Yes sir. I feel that I am a sinner, and a great one too.

D. Are none of these children of yours professors neither?

P. No sir, we are all sinners—but doctor can you give me something to remove my pains?

D. You are going to hell, and all your family with you; you can live but a very short time.

P. But can nothing at all be done, whereby I can get some relief?

D. No—ah, you may take laudanum, or Elecampane, if you choose, that is all can be done for you—you are going directly to hell, farewell!!

The doctor then took leave, much to the benefit of his patient, who immediately called in another physician.

The second physician arrived in time to administer the healing balm, and the lady is now, (a few months since,) in the enjoyment of good health.

N. B. The lady of course has not yet gone to hell, and I do not know that she is more likely to go there at all, than the anathematizing physician.

PROVIDENCE,

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1827.

"Earnestly contend for the faith."

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

REVIVALS.

MR. EDITOR,

I am a friend to pure and undefiled religion, and have reason to believe that I am not an entire stranger to the hopes and joys which it inspires. It might therefore be supposed that I should advocate the purity and beneficial results of what at this age, passes for *revivals, reformatations, &c. &c.*

But the case is otherwise; for instead of approving as I could desire to do, the wonderful *revivals*, as they are termed, which at present prevail through our country, I am constrained to speak of them in a manner which I am sensible may offend those who are engaged in erecting and continuing these strange and unintelligible excitements.

What is now termed a *religious revival*, is, in my opinion, a burlesque upon all religion, all rational christianity, and an odium upon the christian name! The efficient engines in these extraordinary and unreasonable excitements, resort to meanness in carrying them on, which would cover with confusion and shame, any but the detested parasite, who will forego honour, decency and a good name to accomplish his purposes.

Never did Romish priests, monks and friars employ more disgraceful weapons in procuring a conquest over human intellect, than are now employed by the profound ministers of Christ to produce what they unjustly, though artfully, denominate *religious revivals*. Women and maidens are decoyed into the snares which are prepared by the traffickers in souls. They are persuaded to meet in small rooms, dimly lighted, to endure a confined, adulterated air; and in this situation, which can seldom fail to affect their minds with a superstitious melancholy; they are saluted with groans, and prayers, and shrieks which excite their fears, awake their passions, dim their reason and expose them to the craft and cruel mercy of designing bigots and visionaries!

What have groans, and sighs, and hollow whispers, forged experiences and grimaces, distorted countenances, and frightful and unnatural sounds, which are practiced by *religious deceivers*, to do with the solid, rational and mild religion of Jesus! They may and do affect the physical powers, and produce violent convulsions, but they can never communicate one ray of light to the understanding. They may convert the ignorant into blind enthusiasts, and extend

monkish tyranny and delusion, but can never contribute to extend the pure and rational light of christianity to a single soul.

We would ask those who are engaged in these unhallowed practices to present us with their commission from the Lord Jesus, whose servants they profess themselves, wherein they are authorised to take young and artless females by the hand in imitation of the base flatterer, and with an affectionate gripe, (religious to be sure,) demand of them if they would arise to have *religion*? as though they had a quantity on hand to dispose of. Wherein they are authorised to assume the right to demand of females to kneel before them, under pretence that God ever hears their prayer, and that through their intercessions he will grant them mercy! Such are the arts and manœuvres which are acted through our country, by men under the robes of sanctity, to produce what are called religious revivals. By these methods they suspend the understanding and arouse the passions of the artless, and accomplish, in many instances, their unsanctified purposes!

Nor is this all; slander and detraction are resorted to, as a means of securing success. Morality is cried down—the rational are condemned to an endless hell—the gospel is abused—society rent and divided—the sanctity of domestic peace is profaned, and heaven robbed of its inhabitants and prophetic glory! Is this religion? Are such commotions and their ruinous results worthy to be called *religious revivals*?

How many thousands have been in this way, deluded into a system of religion, that in sober and rational moments they would have pronounced a libel upon the true God, and opposed to his revealed will. And when they have been thus reduced, they have inspired a fixed melancholy, such as broods on the countenance of the criminal, and which renders them unsocial and unhappy, through the remainder of their earthly existence.

I would rejoice to see a proper attention to religious topicks in every individual—But to see whole neighbourhoods and villages and towns, turn out every evening in the week—to see mothers neglect their families and domestick concerns, morning and evening—to see delicate females braving the winds and rains and tempests of heaven, and exposing their lives to attend enquiry and revival meetings, to gratify an ambitious and unfeeling priesthood, who are making them the objects of delusion, fills me with pity and disgust. Pity for the deluded; *disgust* and disapprobation for the instruments, and the most heartfelt contempt for the measures employed!

Pure religion consists in knowing God, "whom to know is life eternal; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and keep himself unspotted from the world."—This knowledge of God is furnished in the volume of his word—which testifies that he

"is love"—that he is the "father of the spirits of all flesh"—"who will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth." "Practical religion is an imitation of this parental character, which the true God sustains; and consists in "loving thy neighbour as thyself"—"If God so loved us we ought also to love one another." This is the religion which we should rejoice to see prevail, in which man is happy and God glorified. And this religion may be learned from an attentive perusal of the scriptures, and enjoyed by all who reduce to practice the exalted precepts of the gospel.

We hope that these hasty remarks, may excite some able pen in what we deem the cause of humanity and truth—who shall candidly reprove the follies and madness, the acts and delusions practiced at the present time, under the sanctimonious covering of piety—and expose their authors to public scrutiny. The present crisis calls upon the friends of truth to take a firm and resolute stand against the unparalleled intrigues and exertions of the enemy who are struggling for dominion and unlimited sway.

CANDOUR.

"The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."—Psalms.

The goodness of the Almighty is a theme, upon which the mind of man cannot dwell too much; as it is the most delightful and most instructive subject that can fall within the compass of the human mind. When we survey the various beings in the material and the animal world, we see that every thing intimates contrivance, and that there is design plainly manifested in all of them. Every thing which exists bears evident marks of the finger of the Author of Nature. And all things plainly show his power, his wisdom, and his munificence. Who can behold the vast creation in which so many different orders of beings are to be found, each enjoying happiness, partaking of that bounty supplied by the Almighty, and not feel lively emotions of gratitude towards the great First Cause of them all? Who can survey, unmoved, the great vault of heaven, in which myriads of planetary worlds roll on in their course with the greatest regularity; each keeping a proper distance from the surrounding bodies, and performing its rotations as God, its author, ordained; and not be led to burst forth in the seraphic strains of the Jewish bard,—*"What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"* In the vicissitudes of things, we also behold his wisdom. We see it in the diurnal motion of the earth; in the revolutions of the sun and the planets; and in the transmutations of things noxious, into things favourable to life; and the alterations of tempests and calms, of the flux and reflux of the tides.—

We see it in the return of the four seasons of the year, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; in the verdure of the earth; in the production of plants and animals; and in the bountiful supply of provisions both for man and beast. All nature is one continued volume of instruction to a rational and contemplative mind. Not the meanest floweret of the vale is destitute of instruction when examined with a scrutinizing and philosophic eye. What varied and beautiful exteriors do the mineral and vegetable world display? What transporting lays issue from the melodious throats of the feathered warblers, perched on each leafy spray! Can any one behold the wondrous works of God in the deep, without reverencing him and praising him for his "wonderful works" in the creation?

The sentiments, induced in the mind of man by contemplating the creation, are those of universal benevolence. He, who studies nature, perceives the truth of the declaration of the Psalmist, "The Lord is good to all and his tender mercies are over all his works." But as it is an opinion of some professors of religion, that God is more favourably disposed to some of his creatures than to others, it seems proper to inquire how they attain that opinion, and what it is founded upon, that we may perceive whether it can be made to agree to the sentiments, inspired by contemplating the works of creation: For this opinion narrows the breast and prevents man from exercising those benevolent affections; which are entirely opposed to that which is dictated by nature.

The scriptures on this subject declare that God sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust, and causeth his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good. This is in strict conformity with those sentiments which a survey of nature inspires; and so could not but disprove that partial doctrine which restricts his benevolence to a small number. But, perhaps, the espousers of this doctrine will declare, that though things so exist in the world which now is, they will not so exist in that which is to come. But, that God will do unto all men in a future state, as his unchangeability requires, they must certainly allow; as they must also, that he will do as the Scriptures declare; and if so, the final state of all men must be happiness. For as God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works in this world, and as the Scriptures declare that he is unchangeable, and also that "this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible put on incorruption," that "tears shall be wiped from off all faces," that "men will be like the angels in heaven," and "shall die no more;" it follows that all mankind will hereafter be completely happy; and that the doctrine which declares any to be candidates for future endless misery, is utterly false, as not agreeing with the testimony of

the Scriptures, nor with the light of nature. When we are told "that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without God's notice," and "even the hairs of our heads are all numbered," is it reasonable to think so fair a piece of God's workmanship as man will be doomed to everlasting woe? It is infinitely more reasonable to think that God will give all mankind a future state of happiness even were revelation silent on this subject. J. F. M.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

Objections to Universalism Considered.

It is often asserted by believers in endless misery, that Universalism "will do to live by, but not to die by," and it is not unfrequently the case that when a person dies who was not orthodox, or rather an immoral character, that the opposers of unlimited goodness assert that such an one was an Universalist until the near approach of death drove him to renounce it, and declare it good to live by but not to die by." Now I ask, would our opposers have recourse to such disingenuous, sophistical and barefaced arguments, (if they may be called arguments,) if they could disprove Universalism or support their own system by the word of inspiration? I think not. Besides, it must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that any doctrine which would do to live by would do to die by; all must acknowledge that no doctrine would do to live by, which is repugnant too, or which is not sanctioned by revelation. Now what doctrine does revelation sanction as a rule of life and conduct? Answer, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is our Lord, and thou shalt love the Lord with all thy soul, with all thy mind, might and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself; on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets;" again, what doth the Lord require of them but to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God;" this is the doctrine which will do to live by, and this only—now will not this do to die by also? Oh! yes, says the objector, "but this is not Universalism! for Universalism is that all men shall be saved in their sins—this will not do to die by."—Here we have their acknowledgment that they know nothing of Universalism, as taught by Universalists; and as little of the voice of revelation, which is the only foundation of the Universalist's faith. I agree with them that such a doctrine will not do to die by, much less to live by—and this is the kind of Universalism that all such believe who renounce it at the near approach of death; and I would inform our opposers, that such too never were Universalists, and those who represent them as such are guilty of the grossest impiety and slander. Besides, our opposers should know that Universalism does not teach that mankind will or can be saved in their sins. The doctrine advanced by Universalists is in harmony

and accordance with the sacred scriptures, which declare that Christ's name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins, not in their sins—for behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and he that is dead, says Paul, is freed from sin. Now when the sins of the world are taken away, and mankind freed from sin, they cannot be saved in their sins. And will not a doctrine do to die by which teaches that mankind shall be saved from sin and its consequences? If not, the reverse must be the conclusion, viz. that in order to die in peace we must believe that Christ will not save people from their sins, that he that is dead is not freed from sin—that the Lamb of God will not take away the sin of the world, which idea is repugnant to scripture and common sense.

Again, supposing one who does pretend to believe with scripture, that "God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth," should renounce this belief at the near approach of death, and fully embrace a partial system, and assert that Universalism would do to live by but would not suffice for the dying hour. What is the unavoidable conclusion from such a case? Answer, the conclusion is, that he knew not what he said, nor whereof he affirmed, and that he was previously nothing but a mere speculative believer, for in the first place he denies the fundamental doctrine of scripture, as taught by prophets, by Christ and his apostles. Instead of manifesting that charity christianity requires, viz. love to God and to all mankind, he imbibes a bigoted self-righteous principle, making himself a favourite of God, and sentences his fellow-creatures to unending woe; and in the third place he declares a doctrine suitable and fit to live by which he believes and acknowledges to be false, even licentious!—And notwithstanding these inevitable conclusions, the orthodox will stand around the bedside of such deluded victims, rejoicing in their terrified chimeras and use their utmost exertions to guard them against the light of reason and the unequivocal declarations of holy writ; and to cap the climax, those advocates of infinite cruelty, will go away and slanderously report that such ones was converted from Universalism, and announced it to be good to live by but not to die by." Thus shutting their eyes against what all God's holy prophets have testified since the world began, they are determined to persevere in the traditions of their fathers, without even calling in question or examining the system they oppose at the risk of their own reputation and the denunciation of woes pronounced to those who handle the word of God deceitfully and propagate for doctrine the commandments of men. To conclude, I would suggest to those who bring forward this worn out objection, that Universalism will do to live by and to die by; and that

thousands have, like the prophets and apostles of old, lived and died by it. Yes, died rejoicing in view of the great salvation when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest—when all which have died in Adam shall be made alive in Christ—when the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy on their heads—when death shall be swallowed up in victory—when there will be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying—when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption—and finally, when every creature in heaven and in earth, and under the earth shall join in the universal ascription of praise to God and to the Lamb forever and ever.” This is the voice of inspiration—this is what the writer of this article wishes to live by, and also, what he, above all, hopes to be enabled to die by.

J. M****.

Career, May, 1827.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

“Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

What the “kingdom of heaven” is, may be learnt from another part of the scriptures, which declares it to be “righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.” Now it is evident, at first sight, that every person who performs the outward ceremonies of our common religion, (which is what is meant by “saying Lord, Lord,”) cannot enter into righteousness, peace, and joy in the holy ghost. There must be that genuine love of God and of Jesus Christ, which gives birth to this happy state of mind. There must be a longing after God, and a sincere desire to fulfil his commands to the extent of our ability. A man may go to church, constantly, may put on a pious and godly exterior, and have the semblance of a saint, independent of any true love to God or benevolence towards man. And this, he may do, whilst he is ignorant that he is destitute of the true spirit and temper of the gospel. Nay he may be proud of his devotional and church-going disposition, may think himself far superiour to his fellow-worshippers, and consider himself an object of God’s peculiar favour, on account of his punctuality in religious observances. But all this will not procure him the “kingdom of heaven.” He does not feel happy. He will own that he is far from enjoying “righteousness, peace, and joy in the holy ghost.” What then is he to do? How must he obtain the “kingdom of heaven?” He must obtain it, in one word, by reversing his religion; which is to inculcate the duties of benevolence towards the entire human kind; of humility; and of a love of serving God, from a full conviction of his goodness and greatness, from a deep and religious sense of duty, and for the pleasure arising therefrom. This, and this only, is the way to win the kingdom of heaven; and not to be scrupulously observant of times

and ceremonies to the culpable neglect of “doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God.”

Some people are so much engrossed with reflections about a future state as not to pay a just regard to the duties of the present.—We frequently see persons going constantly to church, losing not a moment of time of the season of worship, putting on a grave exterior, and assuming to be pre-eminently pious people; who yet, in their ordinary dealings with their fellow-men are found to be essentially deficient in some of the primary virtues which the religion of Christ enjoins. They, in truth, resemble that class of the Scribes and Pharisees of old, who, as long as they obeyed the ceremonies of the Jewish law, considered themselves entitled to practice the worst offences against genuine morality that man can be guilty of. The case is similar with the persons now spoken of. They look upon the little attention they have bestowed upon the Bible as the passport to a “kingdom of heaven” beyond the world now existing; and hence, so long as they read a certain portion of that, and attend church constantly, and subscribe to the “*credenda*,” and have been “born again,” as they term it, they imagine themselves candidates for the “kingdom of heaven,” in that world which is to come; while they appear to disregard, in a great degree, the practice of love to God and to man, that golden precept of our Saviour, which he declared was worth more than “whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.”

Now it is easy to see why every one who says Lord, Lord, cannot enter into the “kingdom of heaven.” Because people may draw near to God with their lips while their heart is far from him. They may direct their measures to some imaginary bliss beyond this mortal state, and be so concerned about that as to pay no regard to this world and their conduct here. Instead of looking on the Bible as a rule of life; as a fruitful source of sacred ethics for the guidance of man while here below, they esteem it as little else than a revelation of what is to come to pass in a state beyond the grave, and so let its doctrines and its mandates have a minor influence on their actions. Of all mistakes in religion this is the worst; for its consequences are fatal to all social happiness, and rectitude of conduct. Its influence is felt severely by all classes of the community. Of how superior a character in comparison of this is that doctrine which teaches that man’s happiness (or the “kingdom of heaven”) consists in “doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God;” and in “doing to others as we would that others should do unto us?” This is that doctrine which has been branded with the odious name of “a licentious doctrine,” as not according to the scriptures; and as “tending to subvert morality and all true religion.” But yet, if it be well considered,

it will prove to be the best calculated to promote the great end of all religion; the happiness of man; and to inculcate nothing but the soul-supporting, sin-destroying ethics of the sacred penmen. And it is hence infinitely of more value than all the visionary speculations of a wild and frantick imagination. Man’s field of action is the present world; and what conducts him to happiness in this world must fit him for what God designs to do with him in the world to come. The means to present happiness is virtue, or the practice of those duties which contribute to the happiness of mankind; and when a man does as well, as his frailty will permit him, he does all that God Almighty requires of him. People may say that this is the doctrine of the Heathen Philosophers, and dissonant to the gospel of Jesus Christ; they may rail at it and call it a licentious doctrine, &c. &c.; but it is superior to all their cavils and objections; for it is founded on a rock, the rock of truth. It is supported by the light of nature, by reason, and therefore is as substantial and lasting as the veracity of the divine Being; whence it originated.

Thus much on the subject of the “kingdom of heaven,” and the mistakes which are frequently made about it, which, if examined with an eye of candour, will be found to be portrayed in a just colouring, and not at all exaggerated.

J. F. M.

VOICE OF INSPIRATION.

“Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord, for he is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works;” for “God is love,” without partiality and without hypocrisy. “He causes his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, upon the just and upon the unjust. He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but should have everlasting life. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. And having made peace through the blood of his cross, to reconcile all things unto himself; *all things*, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven. I will ransom them from the power of the grave (or hell.) Oh death I will be thy plague; Oh grave (or hell) I will be thy destruction. For as much as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is the Devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage. Then cometh the end when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power; for he must reign

till he hath put all enemies under his feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son, also, himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be *ALL IN ALL.*"

Scripture.

Why the Bible is not understood.

"Richa having been to visit the library of a French Convent, writes thus to his friends in Persia concerning what had passed.—Father, said I to the Librarian, what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library? These, said he are the interpreters of the scripture. There is a great number of them, replied I; the scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? Are there now any points contested? Are there? answered he with surprise. Are there? There are almost as many as there are lines.—You astonish me, said I, what then have all these authors been doing? These authors, returned he, never searched the scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they believed themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorize their own ideas."

CHARITY.

There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward, than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.

The number of white females in the United States in 1820, were, 4,142,202. The number of white males in the same year, 3,714,066.

A marriage has recently been consummated in Boston, which has produced some excitement among the inhabitants of "the head-quarters of good principles." The parties are an ebony coloured African named Turner, and a Miss Nancy Smith, a white person, of respectable connexions. The girl is spoken of as sprightly and intelligent, and previous to this disgraceful affair, was of good standing and character in society. She was the idol of her widowed mother, who is nearly distracted at this ill-assorted and unlawful alliance. It has often been said, that it is impossible to account for the tastes, and the infatuated girl may have discovered beauties in the "darkling blush" of the modern Othello, which are not to be perceived by any other eyes than those of affection. We are not inclined to attach blame to the successful suitor—he has proved himself to be an expert manager, as well as a man of discrimination. But seriously, we have seldom known a more gross outrage on common decency, and the usages of society;

and the minister who consented to become an accessory in this black transaction, deserves to be held up to the reprobation of the community.

The disconsolate mother, on being assured that the marriage had actually taken place, called on the clergyman who united them, and inquired if he knew of any law, human or divine, that would justify him in the performance of the act. He replied, that he knew nothing forbidding it in the Bible.

Middlesex Gaz.

It is a truth that men ought no longer to be led, and it would be a joyful truth, if truth it were, that they are resolved no longer to be blindfold in ignorance. It is a truth that principle which leads men to judge and treat each other, not according to the intrinsic merit of their action, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence of their opinions, is a vile principle. It is a truth that man should not render an account to man for his belief. And in as far as this is meant to express the grand principle of universal toleration, there is no length to which I would not cheerfully go along with its eloquent and powerful advocate; the very toleration, seeing a right to tolerate supposes the existence of a corresponding right to restrain and coerce, being a term which, in such application of it no language ought to retain. Men should be free to breathe. I make no exceptions. Let truth defend herself by her own legitimate means. She is well able to do so. Nor does she stand in need of any auxiliary methods beyond those of fair arguments and rational persuasion. Give her an open field and a free use of her weapons, and she will stand her ground.—Legal restraint and suppression have invariably had the effect of giving tenfold prevalence, to the dreaded error; and measures of coercion, whilst they have made hypocrites by thousands, have never made, and never can make, one genuine convert to her cause.

Wardlaw's Sermons.

HOME.—A FRAGMENT.

'Twas Sunday evening. The last rays of the setting sun had tinged the horizon with gold—the blue vault of heaven was cloudless, calm, and serene. Mingled sounds of the pearly rivulet, and the bird of song, came stealing upon the soul, sweet as the visions of youth—soft murmurs broke in upon the stilly silence, like music on the hour of repose. The lake unruffled by a single breeze, seemed to smile in its quiet rest, as if storm and tempest were a thing unknown—its boundless depths were glowing brightly as the polished mirror, with unnumbered trees and blossoms impressed upon its bosom. The gentle zephyr so lightly breathed upon the dewy bowers, that even the aspen leaf would have forgot its trembling.—The glad earth, which I had seen but a few short months before clad in a wintry gar-

ment of fleecy snow—was now clad in cheerfulness and smiles, declaring that blight and frost had passed away.

Mingled recollections came crowded thick and fast upon the soul, when on turning an angle in the road, the village of B— now my home, burst upon my view in all its peerless beauty—the much loved friends I had left but a few months ago, blooming with health and happiness—might now be slumbering in their narrow house of solitude and silence—and the bright blossoms of May might now be blooming over their resting place—***** 'Twas the hour of prayer. With countenances beaming with health and hope—with hearts beating high with gratitude to the author of all good—the children of the most high came up to the feast of the tabernacles. There, before the altar—there in the Temple of the Eternal, was raised the anthem and the song to him who made the world—not to appease his vengeance, did his children bow before him—but to thank him for that kindness and the care which knows no bound. At this hour so beautiful and bright—the type of that glorious world where tears and sighs are never known—when the soul is filled with joy and gladness—'tis there in that soft hour of peace, when communing with him who is invisible, that we have a foretaste of those unspeakable joys, that flow at God's right hand—'tis there we look forward to that bright period, when purged from every impurity and earthly frailty, we shall wing our way to a HOME of glory—where our praises will be without trembling and our thanksgivings unmingled with tears.

T. F.

Power and Wealth, like male and female, will find a way to come together.—Wealth will court Power, or Power will demand Wealth.

A notorious miser having heard a very eloquent Charity Sermon—"This Sermon," said he, "so strongly proves the necessity of alms, I have almost a mind to beg, myself."

They that soar high often fall hard. A low dwelling is, therefore, most desirable. The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

POETRY.

The following is the last production of the "*Boston Bard*," whose death was recently published.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

How peaceful is the closing scene,
When virtue yields its breath—
How sweetly beams the smiles serene,
Upon the cheek of death!

The christian's hope no fear can blight,
No pain, his peace destroy;
He views beyond the realm of light
Of pure and boundless joy.

Oh who can gaze, with heedless sigh,
On scene so fair as this—
Who but exclaims—"thus let me die,
And be my end like his.

FOR THE TELESCOPE AND MISCELLANY.

HYMN.

Father in heaven look from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love;
That we may in thy presence find,
Some lasting good to cheer the mind.

May we adore thee for thy grace,
Which thou bestow'st upon our race;
And like true penitents obey,
The righteous law from day to day.

O Lord our many sins forgive,
And in thy truth help us to live;
And when we quit this house of clay,
Make us to reign in endless day.

Thoughts on the goodness of God, in the destruction of sin, and the final reconciliation of all things unto himself, by CHRIST, the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

Let every creature praise the Lord,
For he is good to all;
On high and low, on rich and poor,
His tender mercies fall.

He, clothed with justice and with grace,
On a bright throne above,
Bestows upon a feeble race
His kindness and his love.

His sun which rules the cheering day
Shines equal on our race,
Which teaches that impartially
He will bestow his grace.

His rain which from the clouds above,
Impartially descends;
Upon the just and unjust—prove
His love to foes and friends.

He unto every living thing,
Doth open wide his hands;
To satisfy their every wants,
Which charity demands.

Jesus the "Lamb of God came down,
Here to display his love;
In reconciling sinful man
Unto his God, above.

His kingdom he will ne'er submit,
Unto his Father, God;
"Till he hath reconciled "the world,"
Through his atoning blood.

When death and hell shall be destroyed,
And Satan's confines fall;
His kingdom, then, he will resign,
And God, be ALL IN ALL.

J. M****

Married,

In Pawtucket, Mr. George U. Brown, of North-Providence, to Miss Mary V. Beebe, of Johnston.

In Smithfield, 30th ult. by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Capt. Benoni Cooke, of this town, to Miss Abby Whipple, daughter of Major Simon Whipple, of the former place.

In Charlton, Mass. Mr. George Whiting, of this town, to Miss Julia A. Wheeler, of the former place.

Died,

In this town, on Sunday last, Charles Hartshorn, youngest son of Mr. John Larchar, in the 6th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Ann Swarts, in her 54th year.

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Subscribers who may wish to discontinue their papers at the close of the Volume, will please to remember, that agreeable to our terms, as stated in a former No. unless notice is given to the publishers at least one month previous to the close of one volume, of their wish to discontinue their subscriptions, they will be considered as subscribers for the next. No application of this kind will be attended to "until arrearages are paid."

We respectfully solicit the aid of all friendly to the spread of liberal christianity, in our labours, either by procuring us subscribers, or by furnishing us with such communications as will be conducive to the interest of the work. PUBLISHERS.

IN THE PRESS,

A SERMON, on the Perdition of Judas, by Nathanael Emmons, D. D. of Franklin, Mass. and a REVIEW of the same, by Rev. David Pickering, of Providence, R. I.

The above Sermon and Review will shortly be published together, in pamphlet form, by consent of the authors.

CRANSTON & MARSHALL.

May 26, 1826.